

SIMPSONS

"One Fish, Two Fish, Blowfish, Blue Fish"

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WRITER'S FIRST DRAFT  
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by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

Marge is humming as she tosses a salad.

HOMER (V.O.)

Homer's home.

Homer enters, carrying a single rose. He hands it to Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

For Marge -- on meatloaf night.

MARGE

(TOUCHED) You remembered.

The microwave PINGS. Homer wipes his mouth.

HOMER

Sorry. Every time I hear that  
bell I salivate.

MARGE

(CALLS OUT) Get it while it's  
hot, kids.

Bart and Maggie rush in and sit. Lisa enters, dejected.  
Bart holds his plate out.

BART

I'm starvin' Marvin. Lay the  
loaf on me.

Homer slices a piece and serves him. He turns to Lisa.

HOMER

(TEMPTINGLY) I've got a dried out  
end-piece with your name on it, Lisa.

Lisa goes over to the refrigerator.

LISA

No thanks. I'll just have the usual.

LISA'S POV

She opens the refrigerator. There are three large stacks of  
sandwiches in the center shelf. She takes one.

MARGE

Another tuna fish salad on whole  
wheat toast, no crusts, and a  
whisper thin slice of tomato?  
You're so picky, Lisa.

LISA

I prefer "choosey."

Lisa sits down. Homer finishes serving.

MARGE

Aren't you sick of those sandwiches?

LISA

You serve the same seven meals every  
week. Aren't you sick of them?

HOMER

Not a chance! Because every time I  
eat meatloaf, I discover something  
new -- a clove of garlic, a hint of  
cayenne... Thanks, Bart.

Bart hands Homer the catsup. Homer turns it upside down and hits the bottle. Nothing. He tries again. Nothing.

MARGE

Maybe Lisa's right. We could  
update our menu.

HOMER

I've got it. We'll move meatloaf  
night to Tuesday, double up on pork  
chops and dump the Wednesday wienies.

Homer continues struggling with the catsup. Marge throws  
down her napkin and stands.

MARGE

No, it's time we went out and tried  
something new. Like sushi.

HOMER

(GRIMACES) Sushi?

MARGE

My sister Selma says it's delicious  
and she has excellent taste.

HOMER

C'mon, the woman thinks I'm a  
stupid clod.

He hits the catsup with one last OOF. Then, peers into the  
neck.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Empty? Who painted the sides red?!

Homer looks up, sees Bart and gets angry. Bart takes off.

BART

Burden of proof's on you, dad.

EXT. THE HAPPY SUMO

Homer, Marge and the kids are outside a typical wooden Japanese restaurant with a flashing neon sign featuring two jolly sumo wrestlers. They butt stomachs, then turn and wiggle their hips and smile. Homer notes the sign.

HOMER

(TO MARGE) I thought you said  
this was low cal. I may be fat,  
but I can still fit into my pants.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO

Homer, Marge and the kids enter the restaurant.

SUSHI BAR CHEFS

(SHOUTING) Irashiyai!

BART

(GUILTILY) What'd I do?!

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO CORRIDOR

A hostess dressed in geisha garb leads them down a hall with fish tanks. They pass a lounge with a stage area and microphone. The hostess gestures to it.

EXT. KARIOKE BAR

HOSTESS

This is our karioke bar. Now it  
is empty, but soon it will be hopping  
with drunken Japanese businessmen.

EXT. TATAMI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hostess pushes aside the screen to reveal a tatami room -- bare except for a low table over a pit.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Please remove your shoes.

They take off their shoes. (Maggie takes off her booties.)  
Homer has one plaid sock, one brown. He wiggles his toes.

HOMER

Phew -- no holes.

INT. TATAMI ROOM - A BIT LATER

The family is seated at the table, reading the oversized menus which feature photos of fish in their habitat and then on the plate.

MARGE POV

Looking at the menu, we see an extremely slimy black eel and a spiny orange sea urchin.

MARGE

Hmmmm. It all looks so good.

HOMER

(DISGUSTED) Sure makes you feel  
like part of the food chain.

The screen opens and a waiter enters and bows.

AKIRA

I'm Akira, your waiter. May I  
take your order?

BART

One kiddie sushi platter --  
extra rare.

Akira notes it on a small pad, then moves around the table.

MARGE

And I'd like the sushi sampler.

LISA

I'll have the chopped tekka roll,  
on toasted seaweed, no ends with  
a whisper thin slice of lemon.

AKIRA

Ah, the tuna fish salad special.

(TO HOMER) Sir?

HOMER

What won't make me sick?

AKIRA

Yellowtail.

HOMER

Who you calling --

Akira points to the photo of yellowtail in the menu.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, okay. And bring me a Duff --

America's cheapest beer in its  
price range.

AKIRA

Sir, we only serve Duffahama.

Akira points to the menu. An oversize Duffahama bottle  
dwarfs the American version.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Bigger bottle. No

wonder Japan is number one.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO KITCHEN

The master sushi chef is at work. He throws a fish in the  
air and slices with a knife. The fish lands in perfect  
sushi formation. Akira watches with envy.

AKIRA

Master, can I try? Can I try?

MASTER

Patience, Akira. First, you must  
learn to visualize the fish in  
your mind.

Akira closes his eyes.

AKIRA

But I can see it. (ENRAPT) It's a  
shimmering, almost translucent gold.

The master elbows him.

MASTER

No, it's blue. You are not ready.

INT. TATAMI ROOM

Akira finishes serving the food. Homer stares at his  
strange-looking pieces of yellowtail. All eyes are on him.

HOMER

Good thing I'm open-minded.

(PINCHES HIS NOSE)

Homer puts a piece in his mouth. He chews and lets go of  
his nose. He smiles.

HOMER (CONT'D)

It's a new taste sensation!

(TO AKIRA) What else you got?

INT. KARIOKE BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The place is starting to buzz. A few patrons are scattered  
about. A man steps up to the microphone.



JERRY WU

Hi. My name's Jerry Wu. I'm an  
anesthesiologist. And I'd like to  
dedicate this next song to Debbie.  
(SINGS) "I was born in the wagon of  
a travelling show/ My mama used to  
dance for the money they'd throw...

INT. TATAMI ROOM - LATER

Akira is standing by as Homer looks at the menu. The table  
is filled with empty plates, centered around Homer.

HOMER

...two hirami, two uni, and I don't  
believe I've tried the flying fish roe...

AKIRA

I recommend it with a raw quail  
egg on top.

HOMER

Yummy!

Homer snaps the menu closed. Akira exits.

BART

(TO LISA) Let's split. Seeing  
Dad this happy depresses me.

INT. KARIOKE BAR

The room is packed. Bart, Lisa and Maggie enter. The kids  
move to the empty stage.

BART

(TO LISA) You want to try?

LISA

No, I couldn't. I couldn't.

A spotlight hits her. She grabs a nearby microphone.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mock --

BART

Yeah.

LISA

Ing --

BART

Yeah.

LISA

Bird --

BART

Yeah.

BART/LISA

Mockingbird. Now everybody...

The place starts rocking.

INT. TATAMI ROOM

Akira is standing by as Homer looks at the menu. There are more empty plates. Marge looks annoyed.

MARGE

Does your pit have no bottom?

HOMER

We'll call this one dessert.

(TO AKIRA) The fugu, please.

Homer points to the photo of fugu, a mean-looking blowfish stamped, "MOST CHALLENGING." Akira GASPS.

AKIRA

But the blowfish is for our  
most discriminating customers.

HOMER

Just bring it, buddy. And another  
beer, too. Most discriminating, hah!

INT. HAPPY SUMO KITCHEN

The master is at work. A car HONKS, He looks up, removes  
his apron and turns to a busboy.

MASTER

A goose honks for summer, but  
that car honks for me.

The master races out. Akira enters.

AKIRA

Fugu! He wants fugu!

The busboys and waiters GASP.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, BEHIND THE HAPPY SUMO

The master sushi chef is making out with Mrs. Krebabbble.

MASTER

Oh, Miss Krebabbble, your hair  
smells so clean.

Akira enters from the kitchen. The master keeps making out.

AKIRA

Master, you're needed in the kitchen.

MASTER

Visualize me there.

AKIRA

But the ugly American wants fugu.

The master pulls back and GASPS.

MASTER

A most treacherous fish. Difficult  
to fathom and potentially fatal.  
Only an exacting hand may slice  
it. (THEN) You do it.

The master goes back to making out.

AKIRA

But I'm not --

MASTER

(WAVING HIM OFF) A long journey  
begins with a single fish.

INT. KARIOKE BAR

Maggie is on stage now, sucking on her pacifier to the tune  
of "Popcorn."

INT. HAPPY SUMO KITCHEN

Akira is at the counter, looking back and forth between a  
blowfish and a sushi manual. A diagram shows cross sections  
of the fish. All have skull and crossbones on them except  
one tiny sliver. Akira looks confused. He hears a voice.

MASTER (V.O.)

Patience, Akira, Patience.

Then:

HOMER (V.O.)

Hey, where's my fugu?

Akira closes his eyes and blindly slices.

INT. TATAMI ROOM

Homer pops the fish into his mouth as Akira watches.

HOMER

Hmmm. Tangy.

MARGE

(CHECKS WATCH) Nine o'clock!

We have to get home. Check, please.

INT. HAPPY SUMO KITCHEN

Whistling, the master grabs a sake bottle with one hand and two sake glasses with the other. As he passes the counter, he stops short. He sees the carved fish. He GASPS. The sake glasses and bottle CRASH to the ground.

INT. TATAMI ROOM

Homer pats his stomach.

HOMER

A perfect light meal.

GRUNTING, Homer pries himself out from under the table. Marge pushes aside the shoji to find the master, Akira, and the rest of the staff looking very, very sad.

HOMER

Uh-oh. Did something happen  
to my shoes?

MASTER

Mr. Simpson-san. I shall be blunt.  
One day -- the mighty oak. The  
next day -- firewood. You understand?

Marge and Homer exchange puzzled looks.

MASTER (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe that the  
fugu was poisoned.

HOMER/MARGE

Poisoned?!

MASTER

And we feel just awful about it.

The master signals to Akira, who steps forward with a glass.

AKIRA

Here is a collection of our tears.

Drink it so that you may know our  
sorrow.

He hands it to Homer who goes to drink. Marge stops him.

MARGE

There's no time, Homer. We have  
to get you to a hospital.

INT. KARIOKE BAR

Homer and Marge enter. Lisa, Bart and Maggie come running.

LISA

(EXCITED) Mom, I sang "Hey, Big  
Spender" and made thirty bucks.

They bustle the kids out.

INT. CAR

Marge and Homer are alone. The hospital is in the distance.

HOMER

Try something new, Homer. What'll  
it hurt you, Homer? (THEN) Ever  
heard of a poisoned pork chop, Marge?

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

Homer is sitting shirtless on the examining table. The  
doctor and Marge enter.

DOCTOR

Your wife and I agreed that I  
should break this to you.

HOMER

No need, Doc. I can read Marge  
like a book.

Homer examines her face. It bears a look of abject horror.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BRIGHTLY) It's good news, isn't it?

DOCTOR

You have twenty-four hours to live,  
Mr. Simpson.

HOMER

(UPSET) Twenty-four hours?

DOCTOR

Well, twenty-two. I'm sorry I kept  
you waiting so long.

HOMER

Isn't there something you can do?

DOCTOR

Well, fugu varies in toxicity.  
Some types are highly poisonous.  
Some are more so. Few are innocuous.  
We could run a test to confirm what  
kind you ate but the results take  
48 hours, insurance doesn't cover  
it, and there is no cure.

HOMER

(BREAKING DOWN) Oh Marge, I'm gonna  
die. I'm gonna die.

Homer and Marge hug, sobbing.

DOCTOR

Get a grip on yourself, Simpson.  
The world doesn't revolve around you.

Homer straightens up.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now, a little death anxiety is normal.  
Expect to go through five stages.

HOMER

Five stages? No way! Because  
I'm not dying.

DOCTOR

The first is denial.

HOMER

(GROWING ANGRY) Why you little --

DOCTOR

The second is anger. And after  
that comes fear.

HOMER

(FEARFULLY) What's after fear?  
What's after fear?

DOCTOR

Bargaining.



HOMER

(PLEADING) Look, can't we find a way to skip that step?

DOCTOR

And finally, acceptance.

HOMER

Well, we all gotta go some time.

DOCTOR

Your progress astounds me. I must write your case study. (NUDGING HIM) It could be my ticket into the New England Journal of Medicine.

The doctor makes the ANNOYING CLICKING SOUND WITH THE SIDE OF HER MOUTH and nods. Homer cannot share in her joy.

HOMER

Is that all, Doc?

DOCTOR

Well, you could lose a few... But if you mean, will anything kill you in less than twenty-four hours? (A BEAT) No.

Homer and Marge look at each other, sadly.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is at the wheel. Marge is sobbing.

HOMER

Hello, Marge? Hello? I'm  
the one who's dying not you.

MARGE

(SOBBING) Oh, Homer. You're the  
love of my life. Without you,  
where will I go? What will I do?

HOMER

You'll still have the kids, Marge --  
that'll make it tough. But you'll  
muddle through.

MARGE

You're so brave. (STIFLES TEARS)

HOMER

Hey, how 'bout flashing me that  
sunny smile I love so much?

Marge shakes her head and gestures "no."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Pleeeeeease.

For him, Marge smiles a hideously forced grin. Her nose is  
swollen, her cheeks are red. She is a mess.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(APPRECIATIVELY) Now that's how  
I want to remember my wife.

## INT. LIVINGROOM

Homer and Marge are just getting home. They take their coats off and head upstairs.

HOMER

Think we should tell the kids?

MARGE

Not right now.

HOMER

Okay, but after a few months they  
may notice I'm missing.

## INT. BEDROOM

Homer and Marge are getting ready for bed. Marge is combing her hair, trying to be breezy. Homer is flossing.

HOMER

You know, Marge, I wouldn't  
mind if you remarried someone  
with money, like Jackie Onassis.

MARGE

Right, like I meet so many  
single, Greek tycoons.

HOMER

Well, then maybe you'll start  
dating one of my buddies.

MARGE

(STAUNCHLY) Homer, I will never  
replace you. (THEN) Besides, most  
of your friends are kind of sleazy.

LATER

Homer is climbing into bed. He checks the alarm clock. It's programmed wake-up time is 8:00.

HOMER

The usual okay with you, Marge?

Marge sits on the bed. She is excited by an idea.

MARGE

Homer, let's get up early and  
watch the sunrise.

HOMER

I've never done that before --  
sober, I mean. (THEN) By golly,  
you're right. There's still time  
to make tomorrow special. Why, with  
proper planning, I can live more  
in a day than some live in a week!

Homer grabs a pad of paper and pen and starts scribbling.

LATER

MARGE POV

The CAMERA PANS the list as Marge ad-libs, "UH-HUH"s. Homer is sitting next to her. The list reads: "Watch sunrise." "Eat cereal out of the box," "Try on best suit," "Play with Maggie," "Have Man-to-Man with Bart," "Listen to Lisa play her sax," "Go hang-gliding." Marge stops.

MARGE

Oh Homer, that's too dangerous.

HOMER

(ERASES IT) Maybe at the end of  
the day.

The list continues: "Make a videoletter," "Check insurance," "Seek solace from Reverend Lovejoy," "Make peace with father," "Beer with the boys at the bar," "Tell off boss," "Dinner with the family," and, "Be as close as two people can be with Marge."

MARGE

(RE: LAST ENTRY) I'd like that.

HOMER

Til six a.m., my dearest darling.

They kiss and turn the lights out.

INT. BEDROOM - 6:00.

The alarm BUZZES. Homer throws an arm up and turns it off without waking up.

INT. BEDROOM - 11:30

Homer stirs. He sits up, SMACKING his lips. He glances at the clock.

HOMER

11:30! Oh, that's just great.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge is going through the mail.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge, why'd you let me sleep  
so late?

MARGE

You looked so peaceful lying there.

HOMER

They'll be plenty of time for that!

INT. BEDROOM

Homer is racing around, eating cereal out of the box and trying on his best suit. He admires himself in the mirror. The jacket is too tight and the pants are too short.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Fits just like it  
did in high school.

He takes out the list and crosses off "Watch Sunrise," "Eat cereal..." and "Try on best suit." He checks the time and with a SMALL SIGH crosses off "Play with Maggie."

HOMER

Sorry, Maggie.

Next on the list is "Man-to-man with Bart."

INT. BART'S ROOM

Bart is playing a video duel with a power glove. He lunges and parries forcing Homer to duck during his speech.

HOMER

...so, in summation, there are three  
things I've learned from life. One:  
you'll end up with a bad job, but  
if you kiss up enough you'll be  
able to take a day off now and again.  
Two: find a good woman, but think  
twice about having kids. And three:  
don't eat blowfish.

INT. BATHROOM

Both Bart and Homer are lathered up. Homer is shaving. His face contorts as he demonstrates technique to Bart.

HOMER

Remember -- (DEMONSTRATES) first  
cheeks, then neck, then chin --

BART

Dad, can't this wait til I'm ten?

HOMER

No. Now the upper lip is very  
sensitive and one wrong move could  
result in -- Ow!

Homer nicks himself. Bart jumps back.

BART

Don't bleed on me, man.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Homer stands by the closet which has been turned upside  
down. He hands a dusty box it to Bart.

HOMER

My prized baseball card collection.

Bart opens it up and looks inside. He is disappointed

BART

These are all Seattle Mariners.

(THEN; FLATLY) Thanks Dad, I'll  
treasure them always.

INT. GARAGE

Bart is forcing the cards between the spokes of his bike.

EXT. LISA'S ROOM

Lisa is PRACTICING HER SAX. Homer crosses "Man-to-man..."  
off his list. Next is "Listen to Lisa play her sax." Homer  
listens outside the door a beat, crosses it off and starts  
to move, changes his mind and KNOCKS.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

Homer enters.

LISA

Hi Dad. Want me to cut out this  
infernally racket?

HOMER

No. Let me hear you play.

LISA

(CONFUSED) Why?

HOMER

(GETTING ANGRY) Does a father  
have to explain?

Scared, Lisa quickly begins a soulful dirge. Homer is moved and about to cry when she kicks into a jazzy version of "When the Saints Go Marching In." Homer perks up.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's more like it! (JOINS IN)

"Oh Lord, I want to be in that number/  
When the saints go marching in."

LATER

Homer is sitting next to Lisa on the bed.

HOMER

You're a smart girl, Lisa. I bet  
when you grow up you could be  
a travel agent or stenographer.

LISA

I want to be a senator.

HOMER

Then maybe you should think about  
college.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE

Homer checks his list. Next is "Make a videoletter." He  
RINGS THE BELL. The door opens.



FLANDERS

Simpson, what a pleasant surprise.

We were just pulling taffy.

INT. FRONT HALL

HOMER

Can I borrow your videocamera?

Homer peers into the livingroom where the family is indeed pulling taffy. They wave to him.

FLANDERS

No problem. Just recharged the  
battery this morning.

Flanders opens the hall closet. It is impeccably neat. He takes the camera out and hands it to Homer who goes to exit.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Say why don't you and your family  
come over for a barbecue tomorrow?  
Just put in a new pit this morning.

HOMER

Great. I'll bring the porterhouses.

EXT. FLANDERS DOOR

HOMER

Heh-heh. That stupid idiot doesn't  
know I'll be dead by then.

INT. SIMPSON LIVINGROOM

Homer has the videocamera set up on a tripod. He flicks the switch and runs around front.

HOMER

This is a videoletter for my  
daughter Maggie. I am speaking  
to you from beyond the grave.  
(LIKE A GHOST) Ooooooooooh. (THEN)  
Hope that didn't scare you. Well,  
you're a grown-up woman now and  
my message to you is simple -- look  
after your brother, Bart. He's  
not as smart as the rest of --

BART (V.O.)

Geronimo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

Bart comes skateboarding through the livingroom and CRASHES  
into the camera which CRASHES into Homer. In the middle of  
the commotion, the PHONE RINGS.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO RESTAURANT

The master is on the phone, smiling. Akira is next to him.

MASTER

Ah Mr. Simpson-san. Good news.

There's been a terrible mistake.

INT. SIMPSON LIVINGROOM

Homer is on the phone. He looks hopeful.

HOMER

A terrible mistake?

CUT back and forth:

MASTER

Yes. We charged you thirty-eight,  
twenty-two when you owed us only  
thirty-seven, twenty-two. We will  
refund your dollar immediately.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Gee, thanks.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That was The Happy Sumo calling  
to say they overcharged us.

MARGE

That does it! I am never going  
back there again!

EXT. MUTUAL OF SPRINGFIELD INSURANCE COMPANY

Homer stops in front to look at his list. He crosses "Make  
videoletter" off. Next is "Check insurance."

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY

Two salesmen in brown suits and bad toupees are chatting at  
their desks. The door opens and Homer enters.

SALESMAN #1

It's Homer Simpson. You take him  
and I'll buy lunch.

SALESMAN #2

Okay, but I wish that man would  
increase his underarm protection.

LATER

Salesman #2 is sitting at a desk looking at a computer screen. Homer is sitting in the chair next to him.

SALESMAN #2

Well according to our records, your  
life insurance policy lapsed today.  
No, I'm sorry, it lapses tomorrow.

Homer SNICKERS.

SALESMAN #2 (CONT'D)

All fifteen thousand dollars worth.

Salesman SNICKERS.

HOMER

Let's up it to fifteen million.

SALESMAN #2

(SHOCKED) But the premiums would  
run four thousand a month.

Homer writes a check and hands it to him.

HOMER

(BREEZILY) Here you go. (STANDS)  
Some days you just feel lucky.

EXT. CHURCH

Homer crosses "Get insurance" off his list. Next is "Seek solace from Reverend Lovejoy."

EXT. CHURCH GARDENS

Homer and the Reverend are walking the gardens. The reverend throws up his hands.

REV. LOVEJOY

What can I say? The Lord works  
in mysterious ways.

They turn a corner.

REV. LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

This is probably a little small of me, Mr. Simpson, but I bet right now you're wishing you'd been a better Christian.

HOMER

Guess I could have stayed awake during one of your sermons. Did you ever say anything about blowfish?

REV. LOVEJOY

I was getting to that next week.

The CHURCH BELL RINGS.

REV. LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Ah, that's my cue. Well, good-bye, Mr. Simpson. I figure the odds are (WAVERS HAND) fifty-fifty we'll meet again.

Rev. Lovejoy points skyward then heads toward the church.

HOMER

(UPSET) Fifty-fifty?! (CALLS OUT)

I came to you for solace. For solace!

INT. HOMER'S CAR

Homer is driving down the highway. He pulls out his list and puts four lines through "Seek solace..." Next on the list is "Make peace with father."

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME

Homer's car pulls into the lot.

INT. OLD FOLKS REC. ROOM

Grandpa is watching a boxing match on TV. The nurse shows Homer in. Homer gets a little choked up.

HOMER

Papa --

Homer runs to him. Grandpa's eyes are glued to the screen.

GRANDPA

What do you want?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME PORCH

Grandpa and Homer are in rocking chairs. The view is of the highway.

HOMER

...and I realized that we never  
went fishing, or played catch, or  
even hugged.

GRANDPA

I'm not a hugger.

HOMER

We never even shook hands.

Grandpa stands.

GRANDPA

Are you trying to blame me for  
the way you turned out?

Homer stands.

HOMER

What's wrong with the way I  
turned out?

GRANDPA

Oh, don't get me started. (A  
BEAT) Why are you bothering me  
with this, anyway?

HOMER

The doctors say I've got five hours  
to live. I didn't want to go never  
knowing if my father loved me.

Grandpa rolls his eyes.

GRANDPA

Well, if you put it that way --

Grandpa beckons Homer over. He gives him a tentative hug.  
They break. Grandpa looks puzzled.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

That felt good. (THEN) Damn good.

(THEN) Again.

They hug again. They break.

HOMER

Thanks Dad, I'll remember this til  
the day I die.

Homer moves to leave. Grandpa chases after him.

GRANDPA

(INTO IT) You can't go, now. How  
about that fishing thing?

HOMER

(LOOKS AT WATCH) I'm meeting  
some friends at a bar.

GRANDPA

Let me make up for lost time.

Throughout the MONTAGE, Homer is clearly not having fun.

A. Homer and Grandpa are fishing on a boat on a pond.  
Grandpa reels in a boot. He laughs. Homer takes out his  
list and crosses off "Beer with the boys."

B. Homer and Grandpa are playing catch. Grandpa winds up,  
then throws the ball three feet. He laughs. Homer crosses  
off "Tell off boss."

C. Homer and Grandpa are wrestling in the mud. Homer pins  
his father who spits in his face and then laughs.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Homer is walking to his car. Grandpa follows, pleading.

GRANDPA

Just a quick game of hacky-sack.

Grandpa kicks up his heels a la hacky-sack. Homer gets into  
his car. He doesn't say a word.

HOMER POV

Homer starts the car.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED) I'll miss you, son!

Grandpa hugs the windshield as Homer starts to drive away.

HOMER

Jeesh.

INT. CAR

Homer is on the highway. We see the accelerator is to the  
floor. We pan up to see the speedometer at 50.



HOMER

Get moving, you hunk of junk.

Just then, the car SHIFTS GEARS. The speedometer leaps to 75. Homer is thrown back by the surge. A POLICE SIREN. A motorcycle cop appears. Homer SMACKS HIS FOREHEAD.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

Homer's car is pulled over. The cop approaches. Homer puts on a fake smile.

HOMER

I'm sorry, Officer. Was I going  
a wee too fast?

OFFICER

Not if you're a bullet train.

Are you a bullet train?

Realizing he won't get anywhere, Homer drops the smile.

HOMER

No. Just give me a ticket.

OFFICER

I beg your pardon?

HOMER

Just give me a ticket.

OFFICER

That sounded like an order.

HOMER

Look, I pay my taxes and they pay  
your salary, so when I say "give me  
a ticket," just give me a ticket.

OFFICER

(TAUNTING) Maybe I don't want to  
give you a ticket.

HOMER

That's okay, too.

OFFICER

(LEANS IN; NASTY) Maybe I want to  
haul you in.

INT. JAIL CELLBLOCK

A guard throws Homer into the cell. The door slams. Homer  
falls to his knees. The officer watches with sadistic glee.

OFFICER

Hey, bet your tax dollars paid for  
the room, too. (LAUGHS)

INT. BART'S ROOM

Bart is reading a comic book. Lisa enters.

LISA

Bart, have you noticed anything  
strange?

BART

Yeah, your face.

LISA

With Dad. Something's up. (A  
BEAT) He said he liked my jazz.

Bart jumps to his feet.

BART

Sounds bad. Let's ask Mom.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge twitches as she talks to Bart and Lisa.

MARGE

What do you mean, "acting weird?"

BART

Well, why'd he teach me how to  
shave today?

MARGE

He was afraid he'd be at work  
when your beard started to come in.

BART

Makes sense. (TO LISA) You satisfied?

LISA

(SARCASTIC) Good work, Sherlock.

MARGE

Now go wash up, kids. Dinner's  
about ready and your father'll be  
home any second.

INT. JAIL CELLBLOCK

A grief-stricken, WHIMPERING Homer pulls his list out of his pocket. With a small pencil, he draws a sad, wavering line through "Dinner with family."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JAIL CELL

A depressed Homer sits on a bench as his cellmate finishes playing a bluesy number on the harmonica.

HOMER

That's sort of nice. What are  
you in for?

JAILBIRD

Atmosphere.

Homer nods. A guard opens the door.

GUARD

(TO HOMER) All right, Speed Racer.  
You get one phone call.

HOMER

Great! I'll call my wife.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM

Homer is standing by the phone, shaking his head.

HOMER

I can't call my wife. She's upset  
enough already.

Homer spots a flyer next to the phone. He reads it.

HOMER

"Checkers Pizza -- you stay there,  
we'll bring it to you." Well, I  
did miss dinner... I know! I'll  
call Barney. He's a man of action.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT

What a dump. Barney is reading a magazine and clipping his toenails. The phone RINGS. He doesn't move to answer it. He puts his discarded nails into the magazine and turns the page. After the second RING, his machine picks up.

CRAZY CALLS

(TO THE TUNE OF BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH)

Nobody's home...nobody's home...

nobody'shomenobody'shomenodody'shome...

INT. JAIL CONFERENCE ROOM

HOMER

Damn those crazy calls! I wish

I'd never gotten them for him.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT

The message is still going.

CRAZY CALLS

(INTO RAP) You got to wait for the

beep, you got to wait for the beep...

The machine BEEPS.

HOMER (V.O.)

(ANNOYED) Thanks a lot, Barney. I

just wasted my one phone call on

your stupid ma--

Barney picks up.

BARNEY

Hi, Homer. I was here the whole

time.

The action cuts back and forth during the conversation.

HOMER

You're screening calls?

BARNEY

Yeah. They're are a lot of low  
lifes out there. (BURPS) What's up?

HOMER

Help me, Barney. I'm in jail.

BARNEY

Cool. Go to the window. I bet  
we can wave to each other.

Barney walks over to the window with the phone.

EXT. VIEW OUT BARNEY'S WINDOW

His depressing view includes an insane asylum and the jail.

BARNEY

Hiya, neighbor. I can see you.

In the distance, Homer is smiling and waving through the  
bars.

HOMER (V.O.)

(PANICKED) Just get over here and  
bring fifty bucks.

BARNEY

Fifty bucks?! What did you do --  
kill a guy?

Barney checks his wallet. It's empty. He spies a green  
bill on the floor. He reaches for it. It's a ten.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

I got you covered.

HOMER

Hurry!

They hang up. Barney scratches his head a beat. He then picks up a shoe and turns it over. Three coins spill out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL FRONT DESK.

A smug Barney and anxious Homer wait as the officer counts the bail money out of a greasy, paper bag.

OFFICER

Eighteen and thirty-four, thirty-five,  
forty -- wait a second -- (HE EXAMINES  
THE COIN) This one's Canadian.

He throws it aside and continues counting.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Lisa, Bart and Maggie are at the dinner table. Marge carries a pot from the stove to the table.

MARGE

(SAD) Kids, you go ahead and  
eat your sloppy Joes.

Bart holds up his plate. She serves him.

BART

Yay. Dig its chunky goodness.

Marge holds out her hand for Lisa's plate.

MARGE

Lisa?

LISA

No thanks. I'll just have the usual.

Lisa starts to get up. Marge breaks down.

MARGE

(SOBBING) Oh, Lisa --

Lisa quickly sits down and holds her plate out.

LISA

All right. All right. Pile it on.

INT. JAIL FRONT DESK

OFFICER

...and fifty. Simpson, you just  
bought your freedom. (HANDS HIM A  
SUMMONS) Until your court appearance.

EXT. JAIL PARKING LOT

Homer and Barney are walking.

HOMER

Let's take your car, Barney.

BARNEY

Great. I just got the exhaust  
fixed so the carbon monoxide goes  
on the outside now.

INT. BARNEY'S CAR -- SUNSET

Homer is leaning out the window trying to soak in the last  
rays of the sun.

BARNEY

Hey, you wanna stop by Moe's  
Tavern for a beer?

HOMER

I can't. I'm dying.

Barney pulls the car over and SCREECHES to a halt.



BARNEY

(SHOCKED) And you weren't gonna  
stop by the bar for a beer?

HOMER

(DEFENSIVELY) It was on my list --

BARNEY

Homer, how long you got?

HOMER

(CHECKS WATCH) Two hours.

BARNEY

Please, take a minute to share  
those golden buds with your pals  
one last time.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Barney and Homer enter.

HOMER

I gotta call Marge.

Barney makes a CRACKING THE WHIP NOISE. Homer exits to the  
phone booth. The bar PHONE RINGS. Moe answers it.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Moe's Tavern --  
where every night is ladies' night.

A quick pan of the room reveals not one female is there.

INT. SIMPSON LIVINGROOM

Bart is on the phone.

BART

I'm looking for a Mr. Baum.

First name Adam.

MOE

Just a sec. (LOUDLY; TO THE ROOM)

Baum. Adam Baum.

The barflies all duck. Moe catches on.

MOE (CONT'D)

Not again! (TO ROOM) False  
alarm. False alarm.

Bart rolls on the floor with laughter.

MOE'S

Moe hangs up. Homer grabs a stool.

HOMER

(SADLY) It was busy.

Moe hands him a beer.

LATER

Homer is on the same bar stool, growing maudlin. He lifts  
an egg to his lips.

HOMER

My last devilled egg.

He gulps it down, then polishes off his beer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My last sip of beer.

He grabs some peanuts.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My last handful of peanuts. (HE  
EATS THEM) Hmmm, salty. (CALLS  
OUT) Moe, another beer.

Homer gets down from his stool and approaches Barney. He  
puts his hand on Barney's shoulder.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Barney -- I'm a-gonna miss you.

BARNEY

I'm a-gonna miss you too, Homer.

HOMER

I never told you this before,  
but sometimes when I'm at work,  
I think of you and I smile.

BARNEY

Thanks. (THEN) I guess.

HOMER

And I start to feel warm all over.

BARNEY

You're not gonna say you love  
me, are you Homer?

HOMER

No, of course -- (THEN; SHIFTING  
GEARS) Yes, goddammit. What've  
I got to lose? I love you, Barney.

Homer hugs an unwilling Barney, then turns to Moe.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And I love you, Moe. Not in the  
way your name would imply, but as  
the last great inkeep, whose hearty  
laugh and mighty arm (MAKES A TAP  
PULL MOTION) kept me going.

Homer addresses the whole room, loudly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And now that my life is passing  
like so many corn nuts, I consider  
myself lucky to have spent so many  
irretrievable hours at this friendly --

HOMER POV

The Duff beer clock reads 8:30.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Moe, is that time correct?

MOE

Yeah.

HOMER

(UPSET) Oh why did I waste my  
time in this dive?

INT. BARNEY'S CAR

Homer is in the passenger seat, anxiously leaning forward.

HOMER

(ANXIOUS) Faster, Barney, faster.

PULL BACK

Barney's car is pulled over with a flat. He is working on  
unscrewing the lugs with a tire iron.

BARNEY

I'm twirling as fast as I can.

Homer looks at his list. There's only one thing left: "BE  
AS CLOSE AS TWO PEOPLE CAN BE." He gets out of the car.

HOMER

Oh, I can't wait any longer.

(CALLS OUT) Hold tight, Marge.

I'm coming to you, baby.

Homer takes off, running.

MONTAGE OF HOMER RUNNING HOME

A. HUFFING and PUFFING, Homer makes it down the off-ramp of the main road and turns right. He stumbles a little.

B. Now in a suburban neighborhood, Homer is starting to find his stride. He wipes the sweat off his brow and smoothly turns a corner.

C. Homer is now running like a well-toned athlete. His head is thrown back and we see the effort and determination on his face. Nothing is going to stop him.

INT. SIMPSON LIVINGROOM

Bart and Maggie are in their p.j.'s, playing checkers on the floor. Marge enters holding Maggie.

MARGE

(AGITATED) Oh where can he be?

PLATE GLASS WINDOW A LA THE GRADUATE

Homer appears. He bangs on the window. He is drenched with sweat. His face contorted in pain.

HOMER

Marge! Marge!

They all turn. Marge throws open the door. Homer races in.

HOMER

(RUSHED) There's no time to explain --

He grabs her and starts for the stairs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AS HE PASSES THE KIDS) Love  
you. Love you. Love you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM

A quiet moment. Homer and Marge are resting in bed, happy.

MARGE

Homer, I think that was the  
nicest time ever.

HOMER

I saved the best for last.

Marge puts on her robe and takes a piece of paper out of her  
nightstand drawer.

MARGE

I wrote a poem for you this  
afternoon.

HOMER

(ANXIOUS) Is it a haiku?

MARGE

No. It's called "To A Husband  
Dying Young."

HOMER

I'm not that young, Marge.

MARGE

Ahem. (READS) "The blackened clouds  
are forming/ Soon the rain will  
fall/ Sunset time is nearing/  
It casts a shadowy pall/ My dear  
one is departing/ But first please  
heed this call/ That always will I  
love you/ Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-dah."  
(PUTS IT DOWN) I didn't have time  
to work out that last couplet.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) It was beautiful just  
the same.

Marge gets back into bed. She is emotionally exhausted.

MARGE

(YAWNS) I wonder what it will  
be like on the other side.

HOMER

I'll give you a call, if I can.

Marge falls asleep in Homer's arms. He kisses her once  
more, then gently slips out of bed with a SIGH. He puts on  
his robe and checks the clock. It's 8:53.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM

Homer stands over her crib. He kisses her on the forehead  
and pulls up her heart-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye Maggie -- stay as sweet  
as you are.

## INT. LISA'S ROOM

Homer stands over her bed. He kisses her on the forehead and pulls up her saxophone-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye Lisa -- I know you'll  
make me proud.

## INT. BART'S ROOM

Homer stands over his bed. He kisses his forehead and pulls up his Krusty the Klown-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye Bart -- I like your sheets.

## INT. LIVINGROOM

Homer is looking at a photo of the family on the wall when he notices a book shining in the bookcase, beckoning to him. He moves to it and takes the gleaming book off the shelf.

## CLOSE UP OF THE BOOK COVER

HOMER (V.O.)

(READING) "The Good Book..."

He opens it to reveal two shiny cassettes and the continuation of the title.

HOMER (V.O.)

...On Tape"

He removes the first cassette and looks at its listing.

HOMER

(READING) "Larry King reads Genesis."

Homer grabs Bart's nearby walkman, pops the tape in and settles back in a chair. He starts the tape and closes his eyes. A beatific look comes over his face. He is at peace.

DISSOLVE OUT:

## INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Marge has just awoken. She sees the empty bed.



MARGE

Homer? Homer?

She gets up quickly and we track her through the house. She opens the bathroom door on the second floor. It's empty. She walks downstairs and hears a CLICKING NOISE. She turns and sees Homer slumped, lifeless, in the chair. The walkman is CLICKING. (The tape has ended, but no one turned it off.) Marge flies to the chair and drops to her knees. She turns off the walkman. The CLICKING STOPS.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SO SAD) Oh Homer, my Homer.

She reaches up and touches his chin lovingly. Immediately she gets a puzzled look on his face.

MARGE (CONT'D)

His drool is warm. (IT SINKS  
IN) He's alive! He's alive!

Homer stirs.

HOMER

Huh? What? (OFF-HANDED) Oh hi,

Marge. (REALIZING) Marge!

Homer leaps to his feet, pulling Marge up with him. They twirl around in a hug, LAUGHING. They break.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(FERVENTLY) I beat it, honey.

I beat it. (HOLDS UP THE WALKMAN)

With God and Larry King by my side  
that blowfish didn't stand a chance.

I believed, Marge, and was saved.

Homer shakes his raised fist. A beat.

MARGE

Either that or you ate the  
innocuous kind...

INT. LIVINGROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

Homer is on the couch, drinking a Duff and watching arm wrestling on TV. He looks very content.

HOMER

Boy, if I learned one thing, it's  
live life to its fullest.

He raises his Duff in a toast. Bart sticks his head in.

BART

Dad, Flanders is firing up the  
barbecue and wants to know when  
you'll be over with the cows.

Remembering, Homer SMACKS HIS FOREHEAD.

EXT. FLANDERS BACKYARD

The barbecue is in full swing. Several families are there. Homer looks miserable. He watches Flanders turning steaks with one hand and holding the videocamera with the other.

FLANDERS

Thanks, Simpson. These porterhouses  
must have cost a bundle. (TURNS  
CAMERA ON HOMER) Smile.

Homer GRUMBLES. Flanders expression changes.

FLANDERS

(CONFUSED; RE: CAMERA) It did work  
when I gave it to you...

HOMER

Oh, I'll fix your precious camera.

Homer moves away. Marge approaches him, carrying Maggie and clutching several pink message slips.

MARGE

Homer, the phone's been ringing off  
the hook. (HANDS HIM THE SLIPS)  
The police moved your court date  
up... A towing company has your car...  
Moe never wants to see you again...  
Your father says he loves you...  
What is going on here?

HOMER

(SHAKES HEAD) Nothing that high  
insurance premiums won't make worse.  
I'm just glad I didn't blow my job  
by mouthing off to the boss.

Eugene Fisk comes over, plate in hand.

FISK

Hey, Simpson, did you hear they  
promoted Spellman at the plant?

HOMER

Wasn't he the guy who yelled at  
Mr. Burns?

FISK

Yeah, he told the boss off good.  
And Burns liked it. Said it showed  
initiative.

Homer SMACKS HIS FOREHEAD. Fisk walks away.

MARGE

Homer? You're still glad you're  
alive, aren't you?

In the background we see Bart and Lisa start to fight, AD-  
LIBBING "DID NOT," "DID TOO." Maggie starts CRYING. Homer  
just stares off in the distance.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Homer? Homer?

FADE OUT:

THE END